The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

MR JONAH JIMSENWEED HE IS ALWAYS UP AGAINST IT

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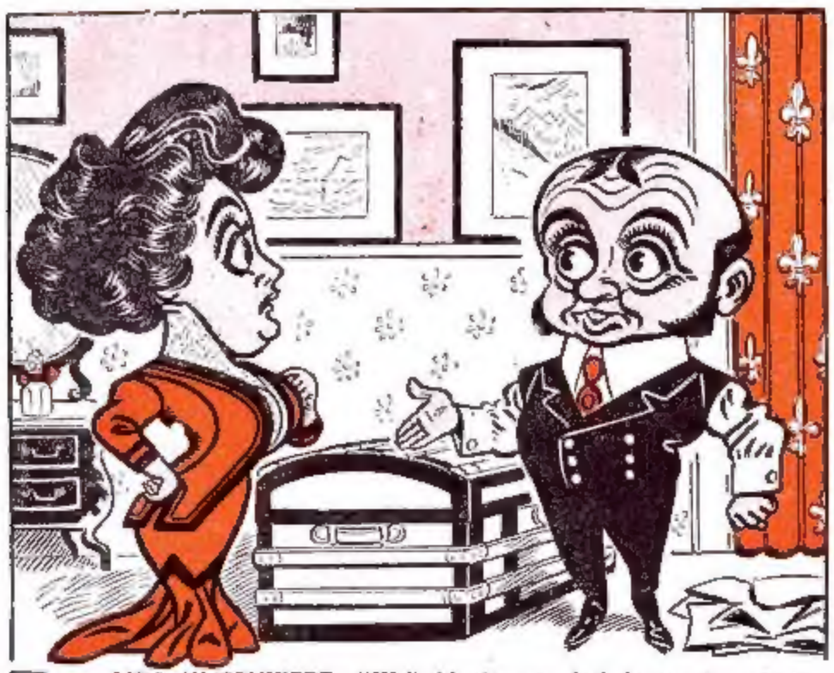

MRS. JIMSENWEED—"Well, it's time you had that trunk packed. The expressman will be here at any moment. I never saw such a slow-poke in all my life."

MR. JONAH—"Yes, my dear, but you know I am very cautious and careful when I pack a trunk, and, of course, it takes me longer."

MR. JONAH—"Well, it is all ready now. Now where is the key?"

MRS. JIMSENWEED—"The KEY! Why, didn't you see it in the bottom of the trunk before you started packing? I put it in there this morning. O, you booby, now you'll have to unpack it all again."

THE MAID—"The expressman has come."

MRS. JIMSENWEED—"THERE! I knew you would do it! Blockhead! What were your eyes made for? A man like you is enough to drive a careful woman like me crazy. Hurry up! Don't look at *me*. Unpack the trunk. Hurry!"

MRS. JIMSENWEED—"It's simply ridiculous! I don't know why I ever married such an addle-pated piece of carelessness. Come, get a move on you. That expressman will not wait here all day; and then we would be in a pretty fix, wouldn't we? Just see how you have mussed up my linen suit."

THE MAID—"The expressman is gone."

MRS. JIMSENWEED—"THERE! Now we are in a pretty mess. The house ready to be shut up for the summer and the next train does not go until tomorrow."

MR. JONAH—"Sweetheart, there is no key at the bottom of this trunk."

THE MAID—"Key! Key did you say? Why I took the key out of the trunk and put it on the dresser there behind that bottle."

MRS. JIMSENWEED—"Well, how did *I* know?"

MR. JONAH—"Great Spouting Whales! Just my luck! ALWAYS UP AGAINST IT!"

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MR. JONAH—Goodness me! We will have to turn back. We can't get through here without going under that ladder, and I wouldn't walk under a ladder for an hundred dollars—it's fearfully bad luck.

MRS. JIMSENWEED—O, you superstitious simpleton.

MRS. JIMSENWEED—And just to show you what a weak-kneed, childish idiot you are I am going to walk directly under the ladder. I am not afraid of your ignorant superstitions.

MR. JONAH—O, Mary, please don't; please don't defy the fates.

MR. JONAH—O, Mary, it is something awful to contemplate. Your rashness will cost you dear. You will have all sorts of bad luck, I know. Something surely will happen you, I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure!

MRS. JIMSENWEED—O, pooh! pooh! to you.

MR. JONAH—Well! just like a woman. If you will you will and that's the end of it. I hope nothing *serious* will befall you. I am sure bad luck will overtake you, that is a certainty.

VOICE FROM ABOVE—LOOK OUT BELOW!!!!!

MRS. JIMSENWEED (as the brick lands)—LOOK OUT, JONAH! Now see what has happened you. Why didn't you walk under this ladder in safety? Something will happen to ME, eh? Well, I just hope you will get all that is coming to you for your insane superstition, that's what!

MRS. JIMSENWEED—You PERFECT SIGHT! Bad luck for ME, eh? Well, you just hide yourself somewhere while I go call a carriage to take you home.

MR. JONAH—Great spouting whales! Just my luck. Always up against it.